## JAMES GORDON BENNETT

The Metropolitan Press on the Founder of the New York Herald.

We reproduce from the city journals of yesterday

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

der and chief manager of the New York dead. It was owing to the hard work application of James Gordon Bennett

let us also be just. In the chief function of

AN EMINENT AND SUCCESSFUL LIFE. rdon Bennett is no more. He from this life yesterday afternoon, quietly and re-signedly, amid the peaceful surroundings of an affinent home gained by his ganfus, tireless indusjournalistic profession of the country has lost one of its most conspicuous ornaments, one of its most successful representatives; and we doubt not that friend and foe and will hash the memory of the friend and foe and will hash the memory of the control of the same will hash the memory of the control of the same will have been coupled with intelligent individual action. Though not "to the manor born," but coming from the rugged hills of the Soot's romantic home, there was, perhaps, in all this country not a journalist who entered so thoroughly into the independent spirit of the American people, and who was nossessed to such a degree as he with the almost prophetic gift of forecasting changes of public opinion on passing political events. As a journalist, he cast loose from all trammels and shackels of party, endeavoring to give expression to what he conceived and believed to be the promptings of the popular heart. Often, while still personally active as a journalist, the undercurrent of the public sentiment was first divined by Bennett as if by inspiration, and brought to general notice by the force of his pen. This rare natural gift, amounting almost to prescience, exposed him to many attacks from partisan opponents, who styled him a "political weather-cock," bending to every wave of the public current of opinion, devoid of all consistency as well as of courage to stand by his opinion and to defend his own judgment against the clamor of the multitude. But in this lies the very secret of his success. He rightly conceived the mission of true journalism to run in a path altogether different from the hackneyed course of the old style party "organs," whose chief duty lay in puffing up the vapid eloquence and shallow pretensions of some crossroad politician in whose pay they eked out a meagre existence. With this conviction firmly and unalterably fixed in his mind, he succeeded in making his journal as popular conveyance for news—a true mirror of the daily history of the world. The public appreciated his efforts an tic profession of the country has lost one of lcuous ornaments, one of its mo armly and unaiterably fixed in his mind, he at ceeded in making his journal a popular conveyan for news—a true mirror of the daily history of t world. The public appreciated his efforts and warded him with success quite unparalleled the tolore in the history of the American press, speaking thus of the departure of one of the chi-of our craft, we feel that we perform but a saor duty, imposed upon us as journalists by the memo of one to whose enterprise, pehaps more than that of any other one man, American journalis owes its present exaited and induential position.

Mr. Bennett's Life and Services Sketch By His Contemporaries.

| From the New York Times.] The career of Mr. Bennett may be not inaptly likened to one of those spring days whose morning is dark with overhanging clouds and inclement with tempestuous winds and storms, while the remain-There have been few men so absolute! ntely isolated, without home, without friends out even a cent to buy him oread. But there nabled him to bear privation, but also ety and stoicism he probably derived from his parents, who were French Catholics, of the town of Keith, in the county of Banfishire, Scotland. Mr. oyhood was passed at a time when the Napoleon filled all the English lands, when the windows of every print shop teemed with caricatures of the Corsican leader of the French, and when every hill-top along the coast was provided with beacon fires to announce the approach of his dreaded army of invasion. To a youth of warm imagination and poetle feeling the character of the great conqueror must have possessed an un

impressions of good and evil, he heard continually of the victories of the great man whom in his secre by his parents in the pleasant French lan ge, he doubtless read with avidity all the rumor

nt generation knew as so cyr cold, was an ardent, soft-hea without imbining some of the irreligious notions which the Philosopher of Serrany seatiers so president of the process of the Service of the

mercial centre. Hardly had he arrived in the city and presented the letters of recommendation which he had received from his old gapployers than he was introduced to the publisher of a Charleston paper—the Courier—who engaged him to make translations from French and Spanish papers. This was in the beginning of 1823. And now he was at length embarked in that cayeer of journalism in which he was to gattal. Such einiteners and to work such canages. The editor of this southern parper was, in his way, a man of enterprise. He had a fast sailing schooner in which he used to meet vessels many miles from the harbor to get their files of newspapers. This was young Bennett's work. After the French or Spanish vessel had been boarded and the files obtained, he ensconced himself in the cabin and worked away at translating the subjects of interest which his principal had indicated. This made a deep impression on his mind, and years afterward, when the victory had been won and the Herala became a prominent paper, he established a steam yacht for he received considerable attention at the hands of the wealthy aristocrats of the South, who relished his conversation and appreciated his light, sarcastic wit. His wages were, no doubt, not very magnificent, but certainly very much higher than they had been as a proof reader, for he had to keep up the appearance of a gentleman and to associate with gentlemen. Altogether considered, this was provably about the sunniest part of the first epoch in Mr. Bennett's life.

Returning to me and determined to teach. He advertises his intention to open near the site of the present Herala had to be permanent commercial to be made to J. G. B., 148 Fullon street, would seem that neither the English branches and scheenes nor the French and Spanish languages if required. A phile from a receiver of betturing and advertised accourse of lectures upon political economy at the old butch church, in Ann street. But Shakpeare and th

faithful to the party of Martin Van Buren, left the paper rather than earn bread by writing against his convictions.

And now, in his thirtieth year, having left the National Advocate, he became, through the influence of some political friends, the Washington correspondent of the New York Enquirer, which was then on the topmost round of the journalistic ladder. It is related of him that during his stay in this position he came across a copy of Walpole's Letters, and resolved to try the effect of a few letters written in a similar strain. The truth of this is doubtful. It is more probable that the natural style and genls of the man was now unfettered, and he wrote without fear of censorship, and with all the ease which a sense of freedom inspires. He was naturally witty, sarcastic and sensible. These letters, however originated, were undoubtedly a great hit. They were lively, they abounded in personal allusions, and they described freely not only Secators, but the wives and daughters of Senators. This sort of thing was a novelty then. The discriptions of toileties, the cravats of the President and the hunting saidle of his niece tickled not only the fools, but also wiser people, who liked

money on the counter and take one," His working day was sixteet hours. In the morning the business hours he was in the cellar engaged in ordinary routine of editorial work. About one o'clock, having provided abundant copy for the compositors, he sallied forth into Wall street to compile stock tables and to get matter for spicy paragraphs. From four to six he was at his office again, winding up the business of the day. In the evening he was abroad—at the theatres, or concert, ball or public meeting, which were faithfully written up and handed to the printers before he went to bed. He thus, like Atlas, bore the whole weight of his world upon his own brave shoulders.

The stock lists and the money article were a great sensation, and gave the little Herald hand to the standing among brokers and bankers. It told them just what they wanted to know, but what no other journal had thought of telling them. At the end of the third month the receipts were greater than the expenditures. But during the fourth month the printing office was burned down, and that the worst was over for him. He "raked the Herald out of the fire," to use his own language, and issued it alone. Fortune was now tired of persecuting the brave man, and turned in his favor. Four months after the Herald fire came the great fire which laid Wall street and all the adjacent business streets low in one common ruln. And here Bennett at once showed the world what he knew about journalism. He engaged every reporter whom he could come across (and there were not many in those days, and he spent half the day himself in the ruins, note book in hand, writing down what he had gleaned during the other half. He spread before the public a mental bird's-eye view of the whole scene, with such happy descriptions and in such easy language that it was a grand success. He went to the expense of getting a woodcut of the burning Exchange, and presented a map of the burning the increase of price he sketched the course which he intended to pursue and the expense he was going to

[From the New York Standard, May 31.]
James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New
York Herald, is an old man of seventy-two years, and though he carefully watches and criticises the course of the paper of which he is still announced as "proprietor" he has, so far as journalistic work is concerned, already reached the province of that osterity which he thought would call him one of he greatest benefactors of his race. His parents were French Catholics, who hved in Scotland, when, about the year 1800, he was born. Parton had the notion, therefore, that Bennett had French instincts and Scotch habits; but we believe that he was French both in instincts and in manners, and was French both in instincts and in manners, and that he outlived his Scotch education, very much as Jackson's Indian boy remained an Indian to the end of his life. Bennett had the Scotch lingo, but he spoke correct French. We learn that he was a sentimental and romantic youth, genial and enthusiastic, and, when not swimming lustily in the river, a thoughtful boy, frequently misunderstood, but not often mistrusted He loved music and studied Virgil, and the author who first had any influence upon him was Scott. Next to Scott in affuence upon him was Scott. Next to Scott in his love was Byron. In later years he loved Valpole and Leigh Hunt. When Bennett was sev

an every window gayly rolled atrip the rainbow's ruby ray deep red or hue of parting day. Iw every Saturday Joseph

enthusiastic as Sir Wallam Pemple. His faults we that of a journaint, Net that rewiffing a political career was an utter failure, for it was his merit that he was one of the calmest political debaters whom we have aver had. On the platform of a public gathering, in the midst of distracting antagonisms, he was as calm and as fortunate as Crittenden; but the Times was so great a journal, its position was so peculiar among newspapers, and he was so thoroughly the master of the details of every department of it, that the talent which he gave to politics ought to have been preserved for his paper. Other men were profounder thinkers; Greeley possessed a broader conception of the depths of human life; Bennett had a keener fancy and a further-reaching genius; Godwin was more nusculine and scholarly; but none excelled Raymond in precision, in advoitness, in emergencies, or in the spirit which, without distracting conventionalities, knew how to prevent ordinary subjects from

and scholarly; but none excelled Raymond in precision, in adroitness, in emergencies, or in the spirit which, without distracting conventionalities, knew how to prevent ordinary subjects from being utterly Void and Gominohipace. Calm in his discipline, clear, neat, and thorough in whatever he undertook, he was never so so woderate in his criticism as to be vague and unspirited. He was naturally a man for the fireside, and he published a paper to be read quietly by ordinary women as well as by ordinary men. He never sprang upon his readers with sparkling rhetorical surprises; and while he had a cool, calm way of turning a subject from one side to the other, according to the temper of the hour, as the sunset shows its crimson colors for fair weather and its grays to the coming storm, he always remained the same, sure, steady, careful and almost indifferent to the loud clamors of frightful times. In the later days Greeley spoke to the school house and the lyceum, Bennett to the masses of hurried men, and Raymond to the family. To this day the Tribune quotes history as a cause, and the Harald quotes it as an illustration, and perhaps the most finical distinction that can be made between their styles is that the Tribune gives intelligence and that the Harald gives news. Bennett had learned in a Boston bookstore and in his letters what would take. Greeley did not seem to care whether what he wrote "took" or not, and he was fond of saying, "Truth is as old as the hills."

While at Washington, in 1828, Bennett was reading Johnson and Leigh Hunt, and if he had the love to read them through he could not have been a very bad man. They must have been an antidote to the influence of John Randolph. On his return to New York Bennett suggested to Web the union of the Courier with the Enguirer. Nor was he idle among his old friends, the technical politicians, who, he thought onghing his party services to start a paper for him to edit. But nether Van Buren nor Attorney General Butler could be thduced to appreciate the policy of

own party began to abuse him he gave up the paper.

In New York, in 1833, the Swn, a one-cent paper, had appearied, to be followed in 1834, by another one-cent paper, the Transcript, both of them scholarly, piodding journals. Bennett, with the aid of two young printers, on the 6th of May, 1835, published the first number of the third one-cent paper, the New York Herald. Then began the second part of his career. His days of sentimentalism and party fidelity were gone by. Nobody had any use for them, and why should he have? He was thirty-dwe years old; he had five hundred dollars; his office was a cellar in Wall street; his desk, counter and folding board were a plank resting on two empty harrels. Some one said that one man and God on the right side are a majority. Here was a defeated, credulous man, and two empty barrels, on no side, going to be a majority. But for sentiment he had substituted policy; for enthusiasm, satire; for fatth, distrust; for politics, the Herald. He pulled down the fetish of his youthful worship and put himself in the place. Only he no longer worshipped—he haughed. It was not the laughter of Gwinplaine, out that of Voltaire. No man of his time meant more with a smile. He began right, for he had no publisher. To a young newspaper an ambitious young publisher is the heavlest load. Such a person conceives that to succeed one must have prominent offices, walnut counpublisher. To a young a young publisher is the heaviest load. So young publisher is the heaviest load. So person conceives that to succeed must have prominent offices, walnut of ters, stained-glass windows in arabesque patt and sliken easy chairs for young lady Bohemist gossip in. He must have an army of wrs. writers, errand boys, toring egents cashiers, a sliver call bell. Bunnett wrote his own wrs. (if he had any to write), notes, news, leaders, even advertisements, on a board' he

tions of anything; they are so much b gause aprons on. Perhaps if it to read the HEBALD, then it would try to find the proscribed editions

shall be." He has kept his word. He concentrated his abilities on always giving the best report of the largest affair, in good type and on good paper. What interests everybody" was his motto.

Of the history of the Herald from 1838 until now we have little materisis; nor have we much osay. It has grown into a circulation of eighty or linety thousand copies a day. It has at times eached twice that number. We believe that it has readed half that number from among those who would read nothing but the HERALD. Its reports of prize fights and horse races almed for it a large constituency. We mew a very pious inan who said that he ook the HERALD because he got in it all the news, esides the prize fights, which he did not have to ead, although he always did read them. Everyhing was minutely described, with a detail of trides that was sure to entertain the under-current of solety, which loves trides. Jenkins is a valuable ad-

journalist can hope to succeed—he was great in little things. He would take off his hat, with a bland smile, to his smallest enemy, and there are men still alive who remember his getting struck on the head with a cane, and hearing him say, as they tenderly wiped the blood from his white hair, that that was not the first time his life had been sayed by the direct interposition of God. So that in our day it is strange to learn that there were people of such pious zeal that they firmly believed the white hair of the elderly man to be a delusive wig worn for the

on the cuterty man to be a detinative witg worn for the only purpose of hiding the length of his horns, flere was a sweet-tempered man who was the Pasquin of his age. Politicians were no sooner dong laughing at and gloating over their neighbors whom the cuter had merclessly dissected. The property of the cuter had never the cuter had never the cuter had not continued to the cuter had not continued to the cuter had not continued to the cuter had not cuter had n

serprise; it convinced the Grand Duke that there must be great papers in America; and the thiasian nobles, diplomats and newspaper ditors will always bear in mind that what help wanted to read was in the Heitalp, and they will, therefore, ascribe to it immense infuence, at time of extraordinary friendship or of extraordinary complications between Russia and america the Heitalb will be powerful with the important government and people, because it will be considered induential at St. Petersurg. So its glittering cavaleade marching into firica, with gaudity apparelled camels, with drums and with banners decked in reds and yellows, trying to discover, at a cost of \$10,000, a lost Englishman whom the world knows by heart, is an enter-rise—not strictly learnalistic, according to the old man whom the world knows by heart, is an enterprise—not strictly journalistic, according to the old conservatism—that will make the Herald talked of in England and in the East, and referrly in America. How can you stop the induence? Only by utterly, defeating it at home, with a man who is greater in Herald Journalism. If it will not be defeated; if it continues to act on the principle Bennett adopted at Phindelphia in 1833—that a subject which everybody sees is what everybody wants to read about—if it is never more than a day in advance of the people; if it will, with consummate adroitness, always give the longest report of the largest affair, not forgetting lesser, things—the Herald will know no limit to its induence in the world, and with the spirit of Walpole, tempered by the heartier sentiment of Leigh Hunt, both of whom Bennett used to study in the same hour, it may become as grand as it is influential. This is, even to think of, a marvellous, terrible power, rivalling the whilest dream of any Persian magician; and it shows what a strong man, not without hearty sentiment, but with one firm purpose, may call forth from a board and two barrels in a cellar.

[From the New York Sunday News.] James Gordon Bennett, the greatest journalist he world ever produced, died yesterday at his city ence, 425 Fifth avenue, at twenty minutes pa

at the hands of Archbishop McCloskey.

He was quite conscious up to Friday evening and at a tolerably late hour seemed to recognize persons, and made feeble attempts to articulate; but a little later he passed into a state of unconsciousss, in which he remained, gradually sinking until leath entered upon the scene last evening. He passed away quietly, without any outward indication of suffering.

The remains will be preserved in ice until the

arrival of the members of his family, who are now on their way home from Europe, in obedience to a

on their way home from Europe, in obedience to a summons by telegraph.

HIS YOUTH.

Mr. Bennett was born in the year 1800, at New Mill, Keith, Banfishire, Scotland. His parents were French Catholics. At an early age he went to a Roman Catholic seminary, in Aberdeen, with a view of taking holy orders.

The profession of the Church, however, appears to have been distasteful to the great journalist, and at the age of fourteen he left the seminary, and emigrated to this country shortly afterwards, landing at Halifax in 1819, in very light spirits and with a very light purse. He tried to support himself in Halifax by teaching, but finding it not very remunerative, he went to Boston. About the latter portion of 1819 he obtained a situation in Boston as proof reader in the primting house of Wells & Lally. In 1822 he obtained as fituation of this city in that year, and lived by his earnings. In 1823 he obtained a situation as translator of Spanish American papers on The Charteston (S. C.) Courier. It was here he first learned the idea of going to sea and boarding ships for news, and which he so fully developed on the Herald afterward. Not liking his position in Charleston he returned to New York and and the delivered lectures in the Old Dutch falled. He then delivered lectures in the Old Dutch falled. He then delivered lectures in the Old Dutch

more courage, for again, in the same years, we find him a part owner of The Pennsylvanian, is chiladelphia daily paper.

He remained editor and part proprietor of this journal until 1834, when New York, his great centre of attraction, again lured him back. He made every effort to start a paper in this city that year, well knowing that there was wealth and independence in store for him if it would succeed. He met with disappointment and coldness on all sides, and was unable to do anything until the 6th day of May, 1936, when, with the aid of two young printers, he issued

The FIRST NUMBER OF "THE HERALD" as a one-cent paper. He had \$500 only in his pocket, and his office was a smail ceilar in Wall street, and his desk and counter were a plank, supported on two old barrels. He did all the business himself, and worked hard and long. Just as he was getting along quite smoothly he was burned out of the old ceilar; but, nothing daunted, was soon at work in another. Ever since the 6th of May, 1835, he has been editor and proprietor of the Herald.

FERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Over six feet and an inch in neight, broad shouldered, florid of complexion, always richly dressed, and with hair of curling sliver, Mr. Bennett was sure to attract attention as he was passed on the street or drive during the later years of his life. He had the air, if not of an old country artstocrat, at least of one accustomed to command and commanding gracefully. There were few—certainly none accustomed to study physiology—who could pass him without scrutiny and a desire to know his name, for the whole atmosphere surrounding him announced that he was no common man.

His eyes were of the keenest grayish-blue, with a cast in them serving to heighten the intensely humorous expression which seemed normal to the whole face, and over them were two little bunches of circular patches of long gray cycbrows—only equalled in length by those of Mr. Saward—which lengthing half way up the forehead when some add

equalled in length by those of Mr. Saward—whole lell down, over the syes, completely shading and concealing them when in thought or doubt, and laughing half way up the forehead when some odd or grotesque fancy was presented to the mind within.

laughing half way up the forehead when some odd or grotesque fancy was presented to the mind within.

His accent unmistakably betrayed his Scotch origin, and this more especially when he was under any excitement, either pleasurably or the reverse. Such was the external man of James Gordon Bennet, the father of our present metropolitan journalism, and one whose rare happiness it was to have outlived and lived down greater masses of abuse than ever fell to the lot of any public journalist in any country. What were the attacks upon him in the carly days of the Heballo, we younger journalists know only by what may be called journalistic tradition.

cle the improvements in railroads, steamous same telegraphs, and his apparently foolish propincies in regard to their almost boundless results he has seen fully realized.

Mr. Bennett called everything to his aid to increase the circulation of his paper. The HERALD rate, and anything second, was his rule. He hever wanted political power except to bring it to the MERALD'S aid, and he used the excitement of political to enliven and stimulate the public appelite for news.

AT HOME

politics to enliven and stimulate the public appetite for news.

At HOME

Mr. Bennett's social and generous features were fully developed. At his town residence on fifth avenue, where he died, he had surrounded himself with the most luxurious furnishings; but his country home at Fort Washinton was the one he liked far best. There, amid the stately trees, where caged macaws and parrots screeched and chattered at the squirrels in the trees, where the garden and the vine, the hothouse and gymnasium, made life a tranquil sea; there Mr. Bennett, in slippered feet, with stacks of books about him and a complete file of the HERALD within reach, found his elysium. Endless and of absorbing interest were the stories he then poured out to visitors of public men and events of American history for the last half century.

With a telegraph wire connecting with the offices he could feel the pulse of the HERALD without the turnoil of preases, printers and reporters. His journalistic and domestic surroundings, after the great fight in which he built up a newspaper the most valuable in America, were happy, and the end of his life was the tranquil sunset of a storius morning.